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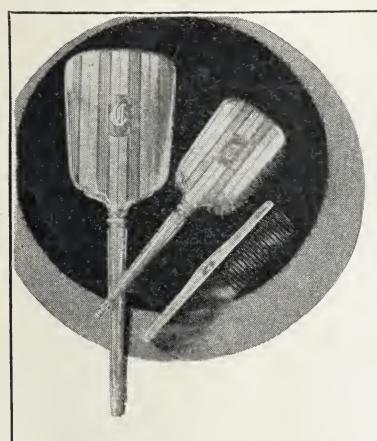
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Only in Photographs Will College Days Always Be Remembered

린 린

GEORGE FREELAND

Portrait Photographer

KIngsdale 0304

89 BLOOR ST. W.

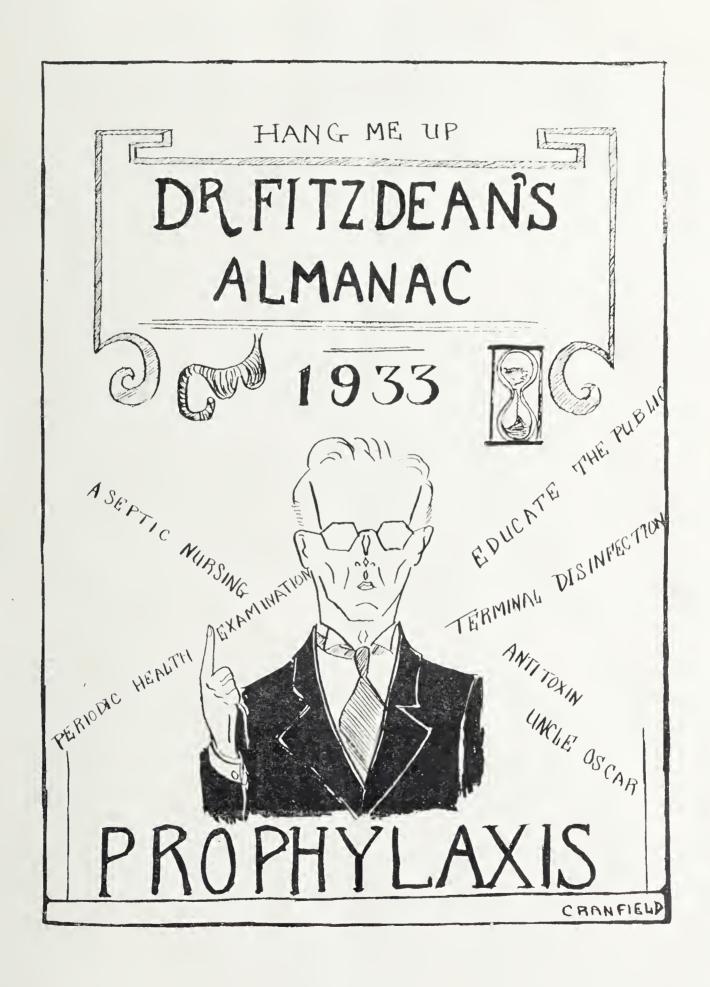
EPISTAXIS, 1933

It is an old custom to have an editorial written for a periodical — and I hale from a family where tradition is strong. Consequently if you're Scotch or for other reasons want your money's worth — then you may be deceived into reading this in the vain hope that it will be worth the pains. Of course you may be reading this in the waiting room of one of our illustrious graduates twenty-years after this writing — and having read everything else are reduced to squeezing the last ounce from the very meagre contents of his library of current fiction.

Well what shall I write about so that the essence of this age will be preserved for posterity? — Depression? — It seems that now — there are two things everyone is familiar with — one of these is depression — and the other is — where is that . . . I forget . . . well anyway there's depression — Of course I'm writing prior to February 17 — on which illustrious occasion Daffydil was presented and that usurped its place in people's minds. No, afraid I'm not inspired to-night — so if you guys will excuse me I'll call it a night. — And if I don't get any inspiration later — you can go ahead and enjoy the book — look at the pictures — oh, you have? — alright. —

"Come Daffydil, our souls inspire And fill us with celestial fire."

H.V.C.



1 1- =

STRANGE ANIMALS I HAVE MET

By OSKAR KLOTZ AS INTERPRETED By ——

Now in digressing from the main issue of pathology, I think it should be stressed that it is not altogether in an alien light that we should regard the less well known forms of animal life.

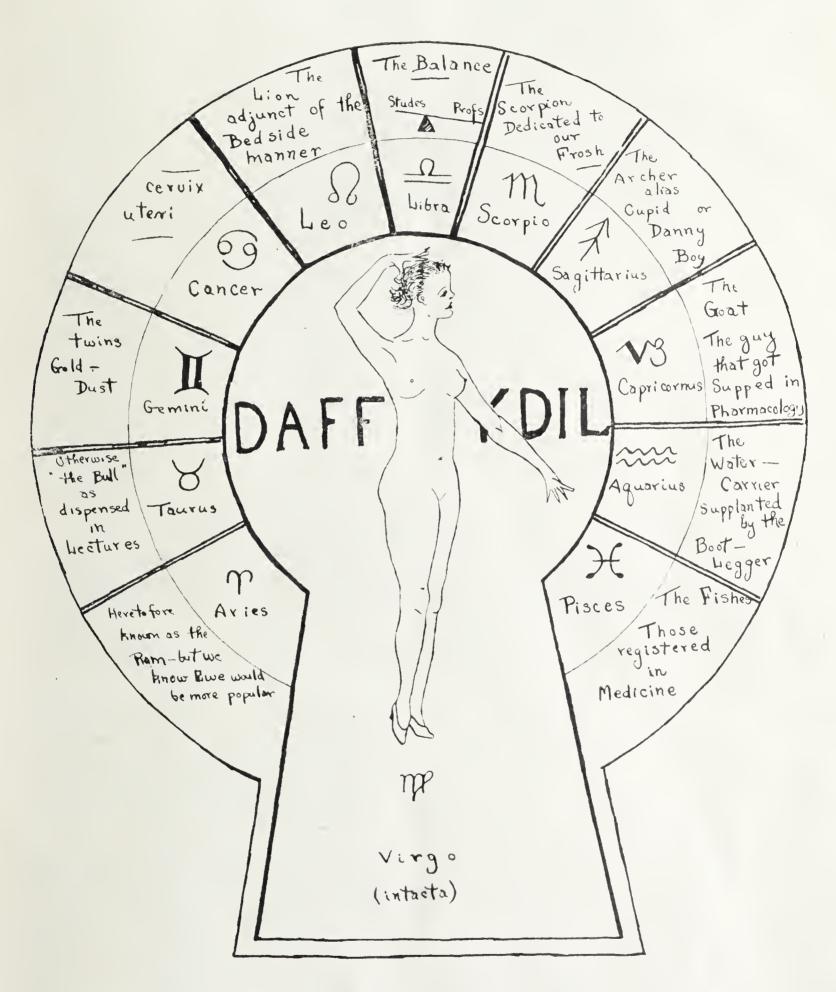
For example, take the case of the slant-eyed tit-finger, which infests the ear muffs of certain albino pygmies in the Belgian Congo. This form-idable beast will, on occasion, defend itself with the fierceness of a she-twolf cornered by a guinea-pig. The reason it builds its home in the neighbourhood of the human ear is that the children like to sail their boats in the semicircular canals and the proud parents cannot deny their slightest whim. From this it can be easily seen that it is at this early stage in the life cycle of the slant-eyed tit-finger that it is most susceptible to extermination. This is carried out by shaking the head violently from side to side so that the young tit-fingers are continually falling into the canals and eventually contract pneumonia with a fatal issue.

Another interesting animal is the blue-faced booby, so-called from its reddish feet. The blue-faced booby only mates during months with a vowel in them and doesn't care where or how, as long as it can find another booby that's a big enough booby, resembling in both these respects it human cousin, homo often-called sapiens. The chief diversion of this quaint creature is diving from a high cliff on to a rock which, by a wise provision of Mother Nature, it takes to be another booby. This makes just one booby less which suits everybody right down to the ground, including the booby. By this ruse the blue-faced booby contrives to die in such a pleasant frame of mind that one is rendered practically speechless with admiration for the spunky little devil.

Probably one of the greatest curiosities in Zoology is the flat-bottomed kawara bird, which is not to be confused with the tufted smew, the gurgling titch, the wag-tailed yaffle or the pied flysnatcher, all of which can neither sing a note nor fly a yard and are afraid of their own shadows in a land of perpetual sunshine. The kawara bird, on the other hand, inhabits the vast areas of Northern Ontario where forest fires have left standing only the charred stumps of trees surrounded by stretches of barren, leafless tundra. The distinctive characteristic in the appearance of this strange fowl is its peculiar concave abdomen. Its mentality is of a rather low order and it contributes little toward civilization, spending all its time flying vertically up and down the blackened tree trunks, crying in a piping treble, "Kawara! Kawara!", which, on being translated, means, "J. Murphy, what a sensation!"

Prithee, Haemoglobin, why sayest thou that Hart House meals are funny?

Gads pants, Adenocystoma, they fairly convulse me.



"If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend
But with good will."

-Shakespeare

A FOURTH YEAR STUDENT'S DAY

Protocol

- 8:31 Alarm goes off. Ten dropped beats followed by a violent tachydardia.
- 8:34 Alarm runs down. Goes back to sleep.

8:41 Puts one foot out.

8:42 Reflex begins to work . . . rather sluggish.

8:42 to 8:45 Triumph of mind over matter.

8:46 Triumph of matter. Gets up and goes to the bathroom. Examines physiognomy in mirror. Five dropped beats. Scanty urine. Litmus paper dissolves. Prognosis poor.

8:48 Dresses, drinks cup of coffee and leaves for the Hospital with-

out the overdue library book.

8:51 Thinks he must have made a hit with that honey he just passed.

8:52 Tucks in the rest of his shirt.

8:56 Sets his watch right by Hart House clock.

9:20 Enters lecture theatre at T.G.H. ten minutes late. Unnecessary bitterness on the part of the lecturer.

9:25 Thinks of the library book.

9:30 Resting nicely. 9:35 Sleeping soundly.

10:00 Lecturer tired out. Students greatly refreshed.

10:15 Moves down the wards on the trail of a hernia.

- 10:30 Answers a question. Clinician insults him for approximately fifteen minutes without repeating himself.
- 10:45 Sees that nurse again. Wonders if it's worth the trouble.

10.48 Pulse normal again.

10.50 Passes from a state of stupor into a condition of coma.

- 11.02 Foot slips off the bottom of the bed startling him into conscious-
- 11:03 Answers three questions in rapid succession and then retires behind the clinician.
- 11:24 Clinic dismissed. Sets out for a milk-shake at the Dairy Shop.
- p.m. 12.10 Shows intelligent interest throughout pathology lecture due to the milk-shake, good ventilation and the piercing quality of the lecturer's voice.

1:20 Trifles with a few beans.

- 2:15 Sits in the demonstration room of the pathology lab and just manages to hear everything that isn't very important.
- 5:00 Realizes suddenly that it is five o'clock and begins the second
- 5:10 Finishes second drawing and goes home, pulls all the blinds down and has a little shut-eye.

6:30 Wakes up and goes to dinner. Spirits begin to soar steadily

from this point on.

- 7:00 Remarks what a particularly appropriate night it is to get a around a bit and ease the terriffic tension but remembers his last mark in Pharmacology.
- 8:00 After a prolonged mental struggle, compromises by tossing a coin but it doesn't turn out right so goes out anyway.

2.42 They settle that question once and for all.

4:00 Stricken with a sense of social responsibility and says goodnight.

4:10 Crawls into bed without being able to find his pajamas.

7:30 Is again stricken with remorse.

DEPART MUTT OFF DE PATH AND BACK TER U. OF T.

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Disease . . . Heteronymous-Homonymous Homicide.

Laracteristic Chees-on . . . Cottage, swiss or other vermifuges.

Dis-ter- bu- shun tissues . . . kleenex, toilet, etc.

Mortals Untry . . . Bursars orifice.

'ave a nue mouffull . . . Gastric lapage; Apomorphine—min. XX.

Spread of Mud . . . Lectures.

Technick of Died-noses . . . Alcohol, constipation, Aortic regurgitation.

Animal pests . . . The girl's kid brother.

Community . . . 999 Queen West.

Means of control . . . see Hygeine Course in "Sleeping" notes.

Treat Mutt... seben yars lectures.

Nuts . . . Anyone who reads this.

(one night we were drunk).

8:31 Alarm goes off.

E.J.W.



Nights that are filled with music And cares that infest the

day,

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2nd Violins	W. S. Mahon
	H. S. Dunham
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M. Harcourt

K. Lea

H. Wallis

L. Levine

M. Fairley

Vocal Support:

B. McQuarrie

M. Marshall

M. Davis

J. Lang

Swimming Class:

E. Halnan

E. Riggs.

H. Gates

M. Dennison

H. MacNamara

Instructor—C. Small

This year the Daffydil Committee have been extremely fortunate in securing the services of the following who will entertain between the regular skits:-

The Four Pills Brothers, A. B. S. & C. (1)

(2)The Three ? Sisters.

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Rubitoff, the Russian violinist. (4)

3T3 PRESENTS "THE FINAL QUIZ"

CHARACTERS

The Angel"	Lofty" Thompson
(St. Lues)	
St. Peter	
Dr. Geo. Wilson	"Russ" Zinkam
Prof. V. Henderson	"Bob" Kerr
Dr. Alan Brown	"AI" Walters
Dr. Roscoe Graham.	"Blandie" Allan
Dr. A. B. Lemesurie	er"Joe" Jackson
Prof. W. L. Holman	"Smitty"

Dr. John Oille""Killer" Kyles
Dr. P. G. McPhedran"Bill" Robinson
Prof. Duncan GrahamBert Connor
Prof. Perry GoldsmithCharlie Hess
Prof. R. D. RudolphHarold Yoerger
Prof. Oscar KlotzBill Fowler
Miss JonesFrank Mills
Miss RussellOllie Ghent
Miss PerryDoug. Thomas

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A SLIVVER and GULLIBLE PRODUCTION

As interpreted by Jesse G. Keshin and Ion W. Davidson Musical Direction: Linnel Pearlman Jack Piters at the Piano

SailorCaptain		
Captains' Daughter		Fred C. Preston
First Mate		
O16W	S. Rogers	H. F. Richardson
	M. W. Nugent	0
	T. Limbert B. Coughlin	H. C. Joynt F. P. Thompson

3T5 PRESENTS "BEHIND THAT CURTAIN"

A Sensational Expose in Three Acts

Scene: Ward X, T.G.H.

\mathbf{C}	AST
The Clinician	J. U. Coleman
The Nurse	J. D. Hamilton
First Patient	E. J. Delorme
Second Patient	R. P. Douglas
Third Patient	J. D. Hamilton
Students	W. G. M. Wilson, J. S. Hogg,
	A. L. Chute, B. C. Blackhall,
	M. R. Caverhill, H. G. Swan.

3T6 PRESENTS "ARE YOU LISTENIN"—Anon.

CAST

Station Announcer	H. Ross
Skate Smith	A. Sturgeon
Serial Drama	G. MacLoghlin
Journalist	A. MacPhee
Prof. Schnozzlecough	C. Hav
Dr. R. E. Flee	F. Dav
QuartetF. McGinnis, A.	MacPhee, H. Bright, H. Ross
Byng Frowsey	F. McGinnis



It Isn't the Rehearsal It's the Drill

3T7 PRESENTS "SPREADING IT EVEN"

SCENE I.	SCENE III.
Professor I. J. Speigel Student Bill Mustard Chorus	Ivan, the husband I. J. Speigel Marya, the wife Bill Mustard
——————————————————————————————————————	Character sketch Bill Toone
Skit	SCENE IV.
Ian Hodge Don. Caldwell	Professor I. J. Speigel
SCENE II.	Street Cleaner 1 Bill Mustard Street Cleaner 2 Clark Balmer
Dracula Bill Mustard Frankenstein Clark Balmer	Chorus Salesman Ian Hodge
Hyde Irv. Speigel	CHORUS
Skit	Fred Dick, Gord Slater, Jack Fowler, I. Schlesser, Harold Slemon, Ross
Ian Hodge Don. Caldwell	Jung — Pianist: Oscar Hoffman

3T8 PRESENTS "THE BATH ROOM DOOR"

The Young Man	J. H. Baillie
The Old Man	A. G. Smith
The Old Lady	
The Young Lady	
The Prima Donna	
Boots	~

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I. — Would You Like to Win the Baby Buggey

In order to secure suitable guesses for Dr. Fitzdean's Kahntest, which is so well and unfavourably known as a restorative for the blood and nerves, we are offering prizes to the value of .0000006 cents — the firze prize being an extra — a brand-new, slightly used, dilapidated go-cart.

There are no strings to this kahntest. You do not have to buy anything or pay to enter this competition (much). It is absolutely open (and shut) and free to all except officials or employees of this company and their immediate families.

If you or members of your family have not attended Dr. Fitzilch's lectures — then stay away by all means — the course is over for another year (Thank gawd). We would suggest as an alternative that you read every word that is in this almanac, for in this way you may get the poorest idea for suitable guesses (and we have a friend who's going to win it anyway).

II. - Rules For the Kahntest

Because of the limited amount of space available in this almanac, it has been found necessary to have the particulars and rules of this Kahntest printed on a separate sheet which you can obtain by applying to your butcher. This is known as the Application Form.



For X years maintained a regreater doll-for-docarriages than any (we had one but and to-day the old on by T. Eaton buggey — the gogevery standpoint. at scratch will out model. It is a bug to push. A peramproud to preamble

No Itch Hicke:

ESSING KAHNTEST 0,000 in Prizes

PRIZE

CARRIAGE

RUIT BASKET

BE A GIRL'S GUIDE



elvinator (?) has tation for giving value in their doll ling else on wheels wheels came off) radition is carried 1933. The finest gest go-cart from his buggey starting any other similar y you will be proudulator you will be

In This Buggey

IV. — Newspaper and Radio Announcements

On account of the enormous circulation of Dr. Fitzdean's Almanac, it necessarily goes to press many weeks in advance of the mailing date. Further announcements, in regard to this kahntest, will not be made from time to time over the radio and in the newspapers, nor will you obtain full particulars or the Application Form which you will not secure from the butcher.

V. - Closing Date

So several weeks' time is required for the distribution of the 2,000,000 copies of Dr. Fitzdean's Almanac, it will be impossible to close this contest until May 24th, 1933.

VI. - How to Win the Vehicle

This is an opportunity to win a fine new 1933 Stork Roadster. If you have not actually attended Dr. Fitzdean's lectures we advise you to give it a trial — since without the information gleaned there it is impossible to guess right on the final paper.

If it is not convenient for you to secure the Application Form from your butcher write

direct to us.

THE DR. J. T. FITZDEAN PREVENTIVE MEDICINE CO., LTD.

Toronto, and Points West

FIRST AID HINTS

How to remove foreign matter from the eye, a common campus condition in these days of high winds and low morale:

First, blink the eye optimistically.

When this fails, try pulling the upper lid over the lower, never neglecting to remove the thumb from between the lid and the cornea.

When this fails, pull the lid upward, fasten it securely to the forehead with a sterilized safety pin and proceed to search at your leisure for the piece of coal, hair pin, chewing gum, horseshoe or was willst du haber.

When this fails, concentrate your attentions on the other eye. The offending eye may think the game is over and release the button, nail file, fly leaf, shirt stud, fountain pen, etc. This is the true explanation of the phenomena here. Distrust anyone who talks of consensual reflexes.

The application of a counter irritant is often of great value. This is done by getting a group of your friends to kick you in the pants until the tears come into your eyes and you wish you were home again with mother.

When all these methods fail, as they will, buy a bottle of carbolic acid and apply a very dilute solution to the affected eye with a dropper. If none of these methods produce results and if it's results you really want, drink the remainder of the acid.

BOOK REVIEWS

We recommend:

Dr. Abraham Orts on "New Mouth."

Abe Orts shows particular mastery of such a vital subject. Dr. Ort's new book is being received with acclaim by experts all over the country. Bally Hoo says:

"We take a back seat."

Shush says:

"Nation's problem is solved."

The Thundermugg says:

"Reports of this book mean our paper now goes to the wall."

Dr. Orts interned at Burnside Hospital where he first conceived his ideas on this subject. Dr. Orts disproved the old saying that $1 \div 1 = 3$.

Let us quote Dr. Orts:

"Men, I have a solution to your problems—the world has been expectantly waiting for this. Some of the passages in my work are the result of great labour."

Is the word "Bar-i-um" on your labels part of the Co.'s slogan or part of the formula.

BEES, BOOZE AND BUSINESS

How doth the busy, boozy bee
Improve each shining flower,
And sip the poppy's juice till he
Reels sprawling by the hour!

I've seen him in a poppy-cup
Prone, soused, in ecstasy,
While myriad comrades whooped it up
All drunk as lords can be.

With two legs and a jag, a man
Is in an awful fix;
Think of the boozy bee—how can
He ever manage six?

But unlike man, the busy bee
Is wise, you bet he is!
Once stung, he cuts the ecstasy
And settles down to biz.

"If in life's game you would not lose,"

The busy bee makes oath
"You've got to choose 'twixt biz and booze
You can't get on with both!"

The Christmas present Jones' girl gave him, is still wrapped up.

"PRORITIS"



"My ittsie bittsie doggie!"
"Youre itchey what?"

Just think—there are 10.37 children born every minute in America. Just think.

Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhibit the earth.

Our Lieutenant Gov.!



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28 GRAND

Grand Mother

Havin' a Grand Time

Baby Grand

Grand Hotel

Grand Canyon

What's the Grand Idea

Grand Forks (N. Dakota)

Grand Organ (and a

monkey)

Twenty Grand (the horse).

- At Your Cervis -



'Post Office -- two blocks that way"

Exquisite little poem depicting eventide in a Cape Breton village:
Roses are red, pancakes are flat,
Love is the curse of the tsetse
Put them together—
They spell Nertz.
So laugh, clown, laugh.

It is rumoured that one of the country's leading pharmacologists went to see a mind-reader the other day. When he got up to go she gave him his money back. Down-town papers please copy.

Are YOU bloated? Have YOU a frog in your throat? Are YOU tired, depressed and discouraged? Do YOU jump every time the telephone rings? If so, you are probably an expectant father. Let Mus-Pee-Pee help you get a grip on yourself. Listen to what this young man, a student at Mc Gendercrock University, Montreal, has to say for Mus-Pee-Pee. He is only one of thousands who have been helped over a worrying period.

"I was certainly in a tough spot," he writes, "In fact, I was just about done for—but here I am today, healthier, wealthier and a damn sight wiser, all due to your wonderful mixture, Mus-Pee-Pee. For years I had such a ringing in my ears that I could sleep scarcely at all in the afternoon and was quite unable to eat a thing without the aid of a knife and fork. Let it suffice to say that after taking three cases of your marvellous medicine, I can sleep with the very best and eat with my bare hands."

THE SURGEON-GENERAL'S SONG

from

The Pirates of Appendix

I am the very muddle of a Hippocratic oracle.

I've information Ethical, Financial and Historical.

I know atomic valencies from Sodium to Gallium

And the ontogenic history of the ganoid archipallium. I know the proper way of taking off a mummy's cerements

And the date of every single one of Leuwenhoek's experiments.

I even know that dirty cuts will give you septicaemia,

Caemia, caemia,

And how to feed a cow to make her milk both more and creamier.

Then I can do a blindfold test on Borden's milk and Nestles'

And can check the stress and strain to put on different kinds of trestles So you see in matters Ethical, Financial and Historical

I am the very muddle of a Hippocratic oracle.

I know that Amphioxus has a neural tube and notochord.

I have my chauffeur's license from the North-Toronto motor-board. I'm always winning cash at bridge and all my colleagues wonder where

And I'm really quite an epicure of little flappers' underwear.

I think that Jascha Heifitz is a bigger man that Zimbalist

And can tell a post-impressionist from a cubist or a symbolist.

In old French wines and brandies I am rated as a connoisseur,

Connoisseur, connoisseur,

And despise the vulgar Schoolmen when they sing their ditty on a sewer.

I know just which department I should go to in the Government

When I have some pressing research that is aching for discoverment;

And thus in matters Ethical, Financial and Historical

I am the very muddle of a Hippocratic oracle.

Now when I can tell a jawbone from a clavicle or humerus

And spot Bacillus Coli when they're big enough and numerous,

When I can use a microscope so well you'd not believe it, or

Can do as much for fractures as an aeronaut or stevedore,

When I also know the meaning of sarcoma and reticulous

And always keep my office looking spotless and meticulous.

In short when I've a smattering of elemental therapy,

Therapy, therapy,

You can see why all my patients should be feeling bright and chirrupy. But my really useful knowledge though I'm overworked and weary yet

Is only on a par with the beginning of the period, Yet still in matters Ethical, Financial and Historical

I am the very muddle of a Hippocratic oracle.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS OR HOW TO DO IT

ALAS MY POOR BROTHER OR GHOUL'S GRUEL

Pour a quart of Whiskey Blanc into a deep saucepan. Heat for five minutes and then stir in half a can of crushed pineapple (if you have no pineapple use horse-radish. Your guests will never suspect a thing). Break an egg, preferably a tender yearling, scrape as much of it as you can off the stove into a double handled boulion cup with a gilt border and throw it all out the window without thinking twice. This gives you confidence. Now add in rapid succession a wine glass of rose-water, a straight bananna and three dead prunes. Dead prunes should always be tested carefully with a sharp needle. A prune that is merely moribund will not do. Next you add a heaping teaspoonful of Absorbine Jr., two dashes of Angostura and enough concentrated Oxo to compensate for the sterilizing action of the Absorbine Jr. Burn this to a frazzle and then melt the frazzle in well chilled ice. Cut this solution with either fermented tomato juice or Russian bear oil according to taste. Take it in two short swallows and one long shudder. Don't move for several minutes or you may have a slight attack of the horrors.

First Baby: "Say, Bill, what d'ye think of all this talk about the relative merits of breast feeding and being brang up on a bottle?"

Second Baby: "Well, George, to tell ya the truth, I'm comin around to the idea that bottle feeding is the best thing after all."

First Baby: "How come, Bill, how come?"

Second Baby: "Well, George, it's like this, breast feeding ain't what it used to be. In the old days, a guy could hold on with two hands and get a decent drink—now he's got to hang on with one hand and brush the cigarette ashes out of his eyes with the other."

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You will enjoy your visit to this popular student rendezvous and we know you will come back often. Mary Johns is famous for its delightful atmosphere and appealing surroundings.



"It is Just a Process Of Illumination"

Declares the noted

DR. DUNKO GRAYUMO

of Madrid, Spain

Sufferers from tired intestines, listen to the advice of an outstanding specialist in female diseases of the groin and loin. Here's a very typical example described in his own words.

"Last year an actress came to consult me concerning terrible eruptions which had resisted every effort of treatment. This stubborn disorder had forced her back to the wall. She had been obliged to cancel her engagements in the theatre after a report was circulated to the effect that a care-

she complained that nobody loved her and that her only enjoyment in life was sitting home at night and cutting fancy patterns in cheese. She had tried everybody before coming to me. She tried me too but I braced myself and said nothing. I realized that here was a case that would be worth something to my old friend, Dr. Fitzdean, who works in yeast and turns out some very pretty stuff too. I advised this young woman to try yeast which she immediately did. In fifteen minutes her condition was greatly improved and the eruptions were arrested. Two hours later I was arrested."

Hear what the famous Lily Drooping has to say, in ther own words, "I was suffering from erputions even in my own home. I was horrified. After eating four barrels of your wonderful yeast, I had no more nasty dreams, no more pains in my pancreas. I could hardly believe my ears."

We feel that with true medical appreciation of accuracy, we should draw attention to a headline appearing in a local small town newspaper last summer. It read as follows:

THREE WOMEN PROSTITUTED WITH HEAT OVER WEEK END

Einstein's Law of Relativity may be all right, but can they enforce it? "I feel about as welcome as a rat in a girls' dormitory," said the rat in the girls' dormitory.

"Sing a Song of Medicine — Pocket Full of Rye"

(Tune "Bend Down Sister")

There's no question, indigestion, falling arches and hair
Constipation, eructation, all need medical

Four in five are suffering
Aches and pains somewhere
So follow our physician's new prescriptions
Give your trouble the air.

THE DRINKING SONG

(Tune from "The Student Prince")
Drink! Drink! Drink!
To days that are gone but never forgott

To days that are gone but never forgotten will be.

Drink! Drink! Drink!
To days that we've laboured at old Varsity
Here's a hope that the fate will be kind,
Bringing those memories often to mind.
May we sing in the years to come,
The glories of our labours done.
Drink! Drink!
Let the toast start
One more song ere we part.
Drink! Drink! Drink!
In memory of days that are dear to our hearts.

Let's Drink!

THE MED. SONG

We're Medicals of Varsity
There's no better faculty
Raise once again the foaming glass
To the Meds at U. of T.
So, let's drink to Alma Mater
One more cheer before we go,
Epistaxis prophylaxis coughs, colds, rales,
In the halls of old Toronto.

Shout Meds! louder did you say?
Fight Meds! none shall bar our way.
Brothers one and all are we
In the halls of old Toronto.
Chorus: "We're Medicals, etc.

There was a faith healer from Deal Who said, "Although pain isn't real, If I sit on a pin,
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel."

Her name was Eppie, but the bovs all called her Epinephrin because she raised their blood pressure.

DRINKING SONG

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(Tune: Anonymous)

Gin, Gin, let them begin On this colourless drink on the threshold of sin.

But life is too short to expend upon drinks.

That would be of more use as a flusher of sinks.

Wine, Wine, will never be mine
For women and dagoes it's all very fine
But silly old grape juice though labelled
"Champagne"

Can only make sissy of body and brain.

Rum, Rum, the drink of the bum
The hobo, the harpy, the man of the slum
Rum is the ruin of sailors and sluts
Do you think I'd use rum for corroding my
guts?

Whiskey then is not the solution Though drunk from Cape Breton to Fort Resolution.

I've sampled the stuff 'till I've got the D.T.'s But somehow it never seems able to please.

Beer, cheer for honest old beer Not very cheap boys but not at all dear And when they discover new vitamins strong, You find that they've been in your beer all along.

To all gathered here, we wish to make clear, That when we say "Drink" we always mean beer.

For in beer alone will your sorrows be drowned

Its beer not love makes the world go round.

"Have you the time."
"Sure I have—but who's going to hold the horses."

My idea of a good job is to be one of those people who applauds Baron Munchausen and gets paid for it.

Why they get paid twenty bucks a night just to laugh at the right place?

You don't believe it? Was you there Sharley.

Two neighbours were one day extolling the quality of their respective home brewed beers. The argument became somewhat heated and one of the men offered to wager fifty dollars that his brew was more excellent than anything the other could produce. The bet was taken and the question then arose as to an unbiased and authoritative judge. It was decided to avail themselves of the services of the Government Analyzer in the matter and thereupon a sample of each beer was sent and the result awaited with great anticipation on the part of each of the amateur brewers. In due time a letter was received from the Government laboratories containing an official statement. It was brief and to the point:

Dear Sirs:

Neither one of these horses is fit to be at work.

Signed,

Gov't. Analyzer.

"Do you know what happened to the girl that wore the cotton stockings?"

"Nope, what happened?"

"Nothin ya dummie, nuthin."

Reporter: "And how do you like Hollywood and New York?"

Movie Actress: "When in New York I feel I have one foot in that city and the other in Hollywood."

Reporter: "Okay Chicago."

"Jack says he can read you like a book Myrtle."

"Oh yeah! Say the trouble with him is he tries to use the Braille system."

MISCELLANEOUS

A med on the banks of the Styx
On noting his horrible fyx,
And confronted by Charon,
With curson and swaron,
Exclaimed, "Why the hell didn't she



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tell me she was married, anyway?"

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TESTIMONIALS

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This is just the thing to relieve your feelings of anxiety.

Hear what some of our enthusiastic users say about it.

Student of 5th Year Medicine, U. of T. writes:

"There was a time when I was so shy I blushed when I looked in the mirror. Why one day in my freshman year I was accidently included in the line-up of a water-polo team for the faculty — in the Varsity sport page. And I was so self-conscious I remained at home until after night fall for five days. But now (after three bottles) I calmly get off that wisecrack, "Don't get up Mrs. Astorbilt, I only came in to wash my hands." Only yesterday, I sat in the third row in one of Dunc. Graham's lectures and at the Daffydil Banquet I intend to sneeze in Johnnie Oilles beer.

Whitney Hallite:

"For years I have been a shrinking violet, shy when retiring. I always pulled my shades at night and often in the day time when dressing. But after using three packages of your excellent Nervine — well I met two nice Trinity boys with field glasses—and my advice is—girls don't hesitate, get up your Nervine today and save the rollers on the blinds.

Gift suggestion: Does your girl use Nervine.

Mrs. I. B. Mont, Mount Pleasant Plot 4, writes: "Four bottles of your liver quickner has done away with all my troubles. I no longer experience those periodic spots before the eyes, those excruciating pains and weakness. At one time I did not know whether I would liver die. Your medicine terminated the issue.

Mrs. McSwatt of 36 Ford Bld. writes: "After several years treatment with a prominent physician my friends recommended Dr. Fitzdean's Nervine. One bottle and I became a changed woman. When I walk down the street men pause to look at me."

Dr. Bert. K. Ontoolle's ANTI-CEPTIVE Be Sterile

in Terminal disinfection.

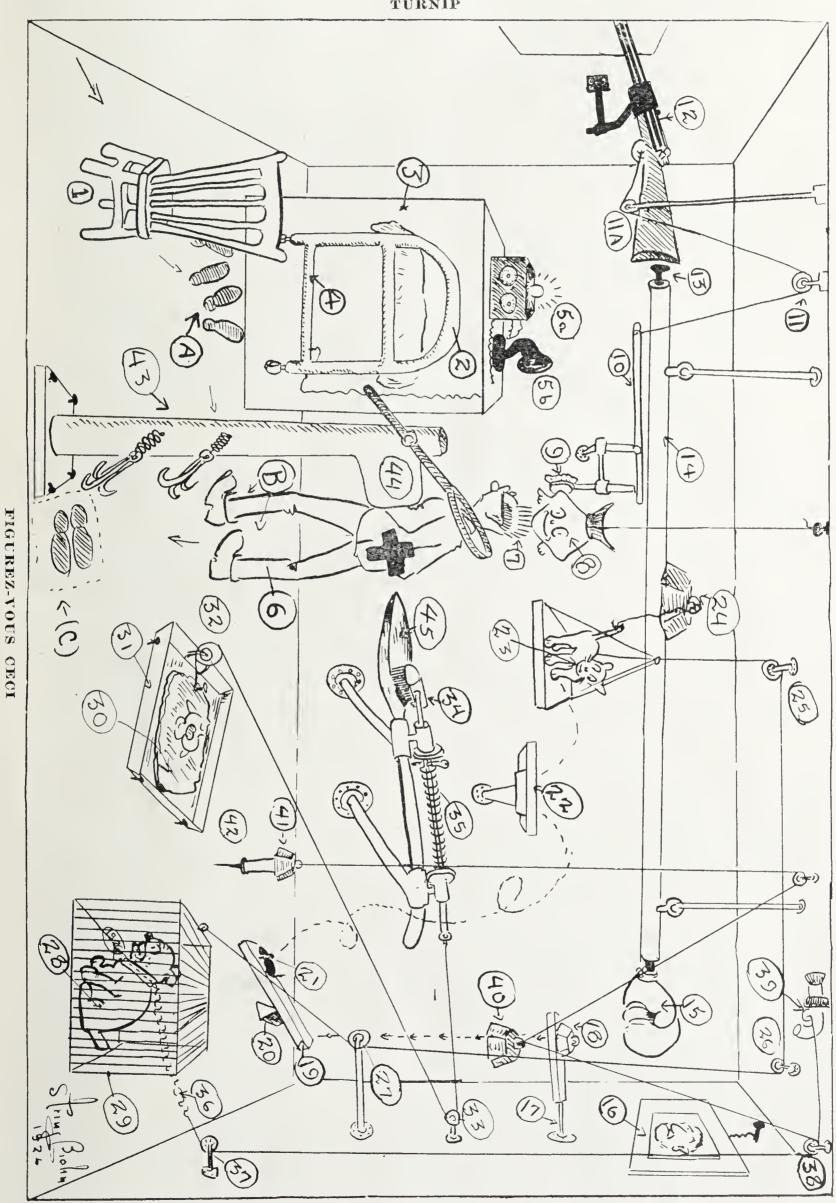
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TURNIP



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HAVE YOU TRIED

Dr. Applebaum's Liver Medicine

Ladies, Have You Felt Your Sluggish Liver Quicken?

Know This Experience

Dr. Applebaum is an associate of Dr. Fitzdeans. They went to separate schools together and after graduation set up different practices. However Dr. Fitzdean heard of this wonderful preparation and has called upon his old friend Dr. Applebaum. Let him put your liver right—don't let it get left. Is it sluggish or torpid—or have you spots before the eyes? Do you have that dark brown taste and the mourning-after feeling on the morning after? Sh then, it means your liver is sluggish. Help it to catchup or to Dr Applebaum's latent liver quickner. See this unsolicited testimonial:

Mrs. Glutz, 999 Queen St. West.

"I wish to congratulate you upon the excellent results obtained from using your liver quickner. Doctors tell me that my liver is in better shape now than ever. I have always been fond of liver. I bought ten bottles of your medicine and drank them all in one week. Since then I have been living out here with the Royalty. The King of France is almost converted to the use of your kidney-liver piles. He spits before the eyes and has a week back—(nearly a month back now). The Queen of Sheba is quite sold out on it too. She's not as crazy as one red-headed bird who came out here last November. He's got delusions of grandeur thinks he's the vice-president of the Medical Society at U. of T.

P.S. Tarazan suffers from harsh irritants—would you advise the use of your Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in his case?

TONSILLECTOMY

"Undress yourself, lie on that cot;
Now not a word and no back talk.
Rest for a while or sleep a spell;
Do this, my friend, and all is well."
Thus spoke the nurse—so matter of fact.
(To one like me 'twas dreadful tact.)
To think that I, with mind o'er wrought,
With anything but pleasant thought,
Should try to sleep or rest or doze,
In nervous strain from head to toes;
Awaiting there the hour of nine,
And for that turn that would be mine.

At last the door had opened wide,
Into the room the nurse did glide
Right to the bed whereon I lay,
Rolled up my sleeve without delay,
Jabbed in my arm a needle keen;
Gave me a look so calm, serene,
Smiled as she said, "Be good, be strong,
Your turn has come, it won't be long."

Whate'er she had done, my troubles ceased; My nervousness at once was eased; And when she came for me to take Ready was I to operate.

"Breathe freely now," the doctor said,
As around my head the clothes he spread.
Quicker and quicker inhaled I again.
"Easy, now easy," I heard him say.
"Don't worry, my man, for you have all day."
Gasping and choking, then all was still.—
I remembered no more and nothing until
Again I lay on that small white cot;
Twisting and turning, bewailing my lot.
Wondering, wondering, why they urged me
To have what is called tonsillectomy.

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